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Gadgets & Gizmos Part Two



👁 145 ✓ 5 ★ 8

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

(The real meaning of Gadgets & Gizmos)

I tiptoe out of the lab, and I carefully close the door behind me. I had heard the front door open and close, and I wasn't expecting company.

I peek around the corner, and the man in the video was looking down onto the dining room table. He was inspecting the folders that now lay open. He slowly pulls out the seat, and sits in it.

He scoots it forward, and starts reading again. When he finished, he leaned back and looked as if he was waiting. "Any time now!" he yelled so loud I fell back on my butt. He turns, sensing my pain.

"Well, well, well. Look who's been spying with his pretty little blue-green eyes of his!" he cries, looking up and down. He turns his head and chuckles silently. "So, I came here today on the behalf of Mr. Holmes." As soon as he says it, I stand up with a jerk.

"Don't you say that name in this house EVER again!" I scream. I fall back on the ground crying,

my hands over my eyes. He stands up, and walks over to me. He reaches his hand out, and I grab it. I pull as hard as I can, trying to pull him down, but he didn't budge.

I let go, and he grabs me by the back of the head. He starts to bite my neck, but he doesn't flinch. I realize that this was a dummy, and that it wasn't even real skin. He didn't have any real skin, or bones, or blood.

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All he had was.... Gadgets & Gizmos.

Chapter 2 by Phantim



This hot shot thought he was good. Ever since... since Sherlock had his accident and our team split up, this guy was trying to be best detective in London. Jonathan "John" Brown, better known as Inspector Gadget, which he called himself. He apparently used to be some sort of Detective in the /USA/. Damn Yank. His body was almost completely destroyed in some kind of high speed chase, yet he had been rebuilt... it was unnatural. Sherlock agreed, he chose to stay in bed paralyzed from the waste down rather than go through the unnatural surgeries he would need. Despite the Queen's insistence. MI6 wanted their own /inspector gadget/ and they were willing to pay. They had even brought Detective Brown out to meet Sherlock and show him what he could get. It backfired, Sherlock was amused by the robotic detective, but did not wish become one. Instead he offered him a job... what law enforcement officer would turn down a chance to study under Sherlock Holmes? Of course, with a robust robotic companion.... I was no longer needed, wanted...

Chapter 3 by Allie



I don't think Sherlock would let him replace, at least I hope not. There was no way to be sure that he wouldn't replace me. There was one way to be sure, that was asking Sherlock, but if I asked him I'm sure he would say I was being stupid. I don't think I am, but it is Sherlock. I finally decided to talk to him. I walked to his room and knocked on the door.

"Come in," Sherlock said.

"How are you feeling?" I asked.

"Why are you asking?" Sherlock asked concerned.

"Never mind," I said turning around and starting to walk out.

"Wait, don't go. I'm sorry," Sherlock said.

"Yeah, right. You're replacing me. You obviously don't want me here," I said walking out, closing the door, and sitting on the floor in front of the door. I can't believe I did that. Maybe I am stupid.

Chapter 4 by Allie



"You aren't that stupid."

The door opened, removing

at me, bemused.

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me, Sherlock looked down

"You aren't silly enough to think that I'd replace you with John are you? Come back in. I'll show you who is getting replaced."

I followed him in. He picked up his desktop computer and dropped it in a wastebasket.

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